THE YOUTH'S
TOTAL ABSTINENCE
TEMPERANCE BANNER
MONTHLY.

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For The Banner.

THE YOUNG CHOPPERS.

JOE MASON will never forget that one day of real sport such as he had never before enjoyed. One day? Yes, because *that* day was as perfect a winter day as could be, but was followed by a week of storm. The snow was in prime condition for coasting, which he *and the boys enjoyed for the entire day*, with the exception of the time spent in the woods with Uncle Benson, watching the operation of tree-cutting; for Joe had come from the city to spend the holiday week at the Benson farm, and city boys, you know, do not have much opportunity for *real* coasting, where the snow is so soon swept and carried off.

Joe envied his cousins their good times, and they in turn envied him his many privileges, his chances for gaining knowledge of the world, and his stylish clothes.

It was well toward dusk when they rode home on the ox-sled as jolly and noisy a crew as ever you saw. As they rode they talked. "I say," said George, "I wish I lived *down there with you.*"

"Well, you needn't," said Joe; "'tis ever so much nicer up here, and a good deal more jolly in winter."

"Oh, but there's so much more to be seen there. Something to take up your attention."

"If time hangs heavy on your hands I can remedy that evil," chuckled Mr. Benson.

"It isn't my hands I want *something for, it's my eyes,"* laughed George. *"I want to see the sights."*

"Well, they'd see more than I wish they could," said Joe. "Lots of wickedness down there, and a rum-shop on nearly every corner."

"But one needn't be wicked because other folks are; I think I'd know enough to keep out of such places," put in Bob.

"Maybe you would and maybe you wouldn't. It takes a pretty strong will sometimes when a fellow is coaxed to go in and take something. But I would like you to come and visit our club."

"What is it for?"

"Oh, to do us good. We call it The Helping Hand Club. We promise to help each other, and do all the good we can in the world, and every one who joins it has to promise to act on the square. We're down on everything that is mean and low and wicked. On rum and tobacco, and swearing and cheating, and we're getting lots of fellows to join us."

"You're trying to make the world better, I take it, and a pretty big job you've got on hand," put in Mr. Benson.

"Yes, Uncle, but as teacher says, every blow for the right tells, just as every blow from your sharp axe told on this big log."

"Why can't we boys up here have a club?"

"Why, you can, if you'll start it. Be sure and get a good name for it."

"I'll give you one," said Mr. Benson; "call yourselves The Young Choppers."

They all laughed at that, but said it was not a bad idea. I think it was very suggestive, don't you?

L. P.

For The Banner.

"DON'T KICK HIM!"

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

"THE disgusting brute!" said Fannie Carr. "Just look at him!"

A man drunk, looking very much like a pig stretched out for a sleep, occupied a certain flight of door-steps. Fannie Carr twitched the sleeve of her companion, May Fiske, and said again: "Just look at him!"

"Too bad!" cried May.

The two girls halted several minutes. Then Fannie broke out:

"'Too bad'? I feel like kicking him."

She advanced toward the outstretched inebriate, and then at his side she lifted her foot as if to kick him.

"Don't kick him!" said May, stepping forward. "That isn't the way to get him to do better."

The man stirred. Fannie was frightened. Her intended kick ended in a touch. It was enough. When the man stirred a second time, Fannie ran. May ran after her.

"Hold on, Fannie!"

"Is he chasing us?"

"Why, no, Fannie!"

The two girls stopped and looked back. The man had now risen and was sneaking away.

"There; when I see a man drunk, I feel like [illegible] ing and striking and kicking him. I am indignant. It just makes me mad. Think how he makes other people suffer," remarked Fannie.

"Yes, I know it; but I don't feel like kicking him. I don't believe it will do any good. We must take him another fashion."

"'*We*,' May Fiske! What have great you and great I got to do with it?"

The two girls laughed and soon separated.

May went home, busily thinking.

"Why," she said, "this very morning grandmother was talking about intemperance."

And what was it she said?

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sighed the old lady, thrusting her apron into her eyes, or rather all of the apron that could be accommodated in her eyes.

"Don't cry, grandmother!" was May's affectionate plea.

"I can't help thinking somehow about poor John to-day."

"John? Oh!"

May now remembered that John was the old lady's second son, or younger brother to May's father. A wanderer from home, he was a wanderer from all habits of sobriety, and over this lost one *from the fold how an old mother's heart did yearn!*

"Don't cry," urged May, twining two affectionate arms about grandmother's neck. "We can pray for him," whispered May.

"Yes, yes; we can do that, May."

"Do you know where Uncle John is?" asked May.

"N-n-o! Wandering round, I suppose. He always would say, 'Coming home, some time.' He has no wife nor children to make a home for him. Only his brother and his poor old mother to——"

Here Grandmother Fiske broke entirely down, and her tears were profuse. It took all the magnetism of May's persuasiveness to induce grandmother to go out and take a walk, that the subject of her thoughts might be changed.

She was now at home.

"There is grandmother," said May, catching sight of the dear old lady as May neared the house. Grandmother sat at the window of the sitting-room, and seemed to be talking with somebody.

"Who is it, I wonder?" thought May.

When she went into the entry she heard voices coming out of the sitting-room into the entry.

"There!" said May in her thoughts. "I begin to feel toward this caller as Fannie felt toward that

drunken man, sort of—mad! I did want to ask about Uncle John, what kind of a looking man he was—for I never saw him—and whether she thought we couldn't hunt him up, and get hold of him, and talk to him—and—and—but what is it grandmother's caller is saying to her?"

"I don't know as you will believe me, but I seemed to have a kind of dream on my way here. I—I—well—I had been drinking, I allow, and I was stretched out on some door-steps, sleeping——"

"Why, it is that tramp,—the very one we saw!" thought May.

"Well," continued the tramp, "I came out of my sleep by having a dream. I seemed to realize what I had been doing,—drinking, you know,—and I felt terribly. I came here on purpose to——"

"'Get work,' must be," said May. "Can't hear what he says. A good kind of a tramp. Wants work, but what did he get drunk for?"

The strange voice went on: "I felt badly, and I had a dream."

May heard a sobbing.

"Oh, that is grandmother crying! He is working on her feelings. I have a mind to rush in and tell him to stop," thought May, approaching the door.

"What was your dream?" asked grandmother.

"Somebody came up to me and wanted to kick me. *Just a dream, you know. Just a dream!*"

"*Wanted to kick you?*"

"*Yes; I heard it said in my dream.*"

Here May stepped forward to the threshold, so eager was her interest. Grandmother's back and that of the stranger were turned toward May.

"They don't see me," she said, with relief.

The stranger now continued his story.

"'Too bad!' said the second voice in my dream." The tramp hesitated.

"Second voice?" asked grandmother.

"Yes, a second person came into my dream and said, 'Too bad!' Then the first voice said, 'Too bad! I feel like kicking him.'"

"Why?" exclaimed grandmother. "That isn't the way."

"No, but it was the first person's way. The second said: 'Don't kick him! That isn't the way to get him to do better!' Well, I saw the second person's face. It was enough to hear the first person's voice just once. It did not strike me as a pleasant voice; but I was glad to hear the voice of the second, and especially to see the face of the second. A real interesting face! It had soft, pitying eyes. It was a round, chubby face, and it wore pretty brown curls, and it looked to me like such a face as you see among cherubs. Well, that may be putting it extravagantly, but somehow the pity went to my heart. I said, right there on the door-steps: 'Somebody feels for me, and it encourages me, and I—I—will do the best I can.' Yes, I took the pledge, so to speak, on those steps."

"That is so good," said grandmother. "But the dream?"

"Oh, I had got as far as the angel and the pledge, hadn't I? Well, I woke up. I woke myself, or *else somebody startled me. However, I was alone. My angel had gone! Halloo!*"

He had suddenly turned toward the door.

"*Why, mother,*" he *cried,* "*there is my angel now in the doorway!*"

Of course he was Uncle John, who had come home to be a better man.

For The Banner.

THE CHILDREN'S GREETINGS.

BY MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

Hippity-hop and clippity-clap!
With flying footsteps gay,
The merry children haste to greet
The happy New-Year's day.

Bright eyes and cheeks, and dewy lips
Dropping with kisses sweet,
And voices that like flute and harp
Make music for their feet.

Creepety-creep and tippity-toe!
To grandma's quiet door;
A breathless pause;—then dash and charge!
Laughter, and glad uproar.

Then back through stairway, room, and hall,
The noisy troopers fly,
Tossing the greeting right and left,—
The "Happy New-Year's" cry.

Ah, thank you, little folks, for we
Know well your wish is pure;
And if it were for *you* to give,
Our gladness would be sure.

And so we send it back to you,
Your greeting sweet and dear;
Oh happy, happy—old or new,
Be every passing year.

For The Banner.

HOW A SECOND TIME WAS THE FIRST.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

There was once a boy who saw himself for the first time twice in his life. Now you will say: "What a perfectly absurd sentence that is!" Well, let us tell our story. When Guy Holmes was just learning to walk, he began to tumble about even worse than the clumsiest child does at that time. One day his mother noticed a queer, filmy appearance in his eyes. It grew more perceptible, and the doctors soon agreed that Guy had cataracts forming. They said he would before long be quite blind, but that when he was older the trouble might perhaps be remedied. Well, when Guy was nine years old a famous oculist removed these curtains from his eyes, and after great care and nursing (lest the new light hurt his recovered sight) there came a day when Guy saw his face for the first time. His mother led him to the glass, and laughed to hear his queer speeches. Guy was a handsome boy, and naturally felt well satisfied with his large eyes, straight nose, and fine complexion.

Years passed, and in spite of the best teaching, combined with much common sense, Guy grew rather conceited. During his blind years, people had read the best books to him; and he, shut out from children's play, had thought much of what he heard read. As a result he was decidedly original, and later all his teachers praised him for his fine intellect and excellent judgment, so that at nineteen, Guy's estimate of himself had become very different from other people's. Now there is a saying that a man is "not a body that *has* a soul, but a man *is* a soul that owns a body." Guy, the soul, had yet to see his real self; he had only seen the outside garment that real Guy owned. In his twentieth year he fell very deeply in love with a beautiful, noble-hearted girl. He knew she liked him, and supposed she admired him very greatly. One day he called on her, and a stupid maid left him alone in the parlor and did not tell the lady he was there. Only a curtain separated him from the library where sat the young lady with her mother, and he plainly heard her say:

"No, mother, I do *not* like Guy Holmes well enough to excuse his faults. He knows *too* much. It makes him arrogant to struggling poor fellows who never had his advantages, and insolent to old men who are wise and good if not learned. He has no gentleness or patience with anybody who fails, and the best fail sometimes. He is selfish, and worst of all he believes far more in his own will and strength of character than in God's help. He will drink wine, because he says no weakness can ever make him intemperate. He does not know himself, and God's Holy Spirit alone *can show him his real self.*"

Guy stole out of the house unperceived. He began to realize a blindness he had not known existed. Before a year passed he had seen his faults and sins, and God's grace had enlightened him. There came a day, still a year later, when he told his wife that he had been an eavesdropper, and she had unconsciously held the mirror in which he saw himself a *second time*—for THE FIRST TIME—queer as the statement seems.

For The Banner.

WHY SHE TRUSTED HIM.

A little girl took a long journey in the cars all alone by herself. She was going to make a visit at her grandmother's. Arriving at the station, she was very much disappointed at not finding any one there to meet her. Tears filled her eyes, and her face showed bewilderment. A kind-hearted cabman stepped up and said:

"What is it, Miss? What are you looking for?"

"I am looking for some one to meet me. I thought grandpa would surely be here."

"Do you know where he lives?"

"Oh, yes—but it is a long ways off, and it is getting dark. I don't know how I will get there."

"Oh, that's easy enough settled, Miss—just jump into my cab and I will take you there very quickly."

"But I don't know you, sir," said she—remembering cautions given her before leaving home against going with strangers. Glancing up just then, she espied a temperance badge fastened to the lapel of his coat. Her face lighted up—"Oh, I'll go with you, sir," she exclaimed, "for I see you belong to the same army that I do."

His showing his colors so bravely, helped her out of her difficulty. B. S. F.

For The Banner.

THE OLD YEAR'S VISION AND THE NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE.

BY MRS. NELLIE H. BRADLEY.

Old Year. The Months. New Year.

[The Old Year is represented as an aged man with long silvery beard and hair. He wears a dark robe, and carries a staff on which he leans as he enters with slow and feeble steps.]

Old Year.

I am old and weary. I soon shall go
Where the shades of departed years have gone.
My aged form will vanish away
Ere the light of another day shall dawn.

Each month of my life as it onward sped,
Much woe to humanity oft has wrought;
I would I could know ere I pass away,
That some blest boon to the *young* I've brought.

I am old and weary. My trembling limbs
Seem failing me now, and my heart beats low.
I must rest me here, and perchance I'll sleep
Till the final summons for me to go.

[He walks feebly to a seat placed some distance back, and leaning his head on his staff seems to sleep. The Months enter singly, the first one going to the other side of the stage after speaking; the others following in order, so that when they have finished, they are arranged in a semicircle about the Old Year.]

The Months.*

First Child.

[Boy in street attire, winter garments, with New-Year's card in hand; he bows repeatedly to those around him.]

January comes the first of all,
Ready to make a New-Year's call.
I've promised that not a drop of wine
Shall touch these temperance lips of mine.

Second Child.

[Girl gaily dressed, bearing fancy valentine.]

February is next in line,
Bringing to all a valentine.
I sent seven, and every one
Had a pledge-card in it. Wasn't that fun!

Third Child.

[Boy comes hurrying on platform bearing large kite.]

March comes next with wind and noise;
Here's a kite for all the boys.
Kites may sail far up in the sky,
But on strong drink *I'll* never get "high."

Fourth Child.

[Girl dressed in water-proof cloak, and with small umbrella over her head.]

April's eyes are brimming over;
Silvery drops that start the clover,
Make the trees and flowers grow,
And strengthen girls and boys, I know.

Fifth Child.

[Girl gaily decorated with flowers, bearing a wreath.]

May with blossoms stops the way
And brings us Decoration day.
If I am a *temperance* soldier brave,
Our land from Rum I may help to save.

* The lines in italic are taken from a poem by Lizzie Hadley.

SIXTH CHILD.

[Girl carrying large bunch of roses (these can be made of paper).]

Laughing June her face discloses,
Almost hid among the roses.
Why do *my* cheeks like the roses glow?
Because I like cold water so.

SEVENTH CHILD.

[Boy hurries in with bunch of fire-crackers, and carrying a flag, which he waves as he says, "Hurrah!"]

Boom of cannon, bands that play,
July brings Independence day. Hurrah!
I tell you *I* mean to celebrate
With something that won't intoxicate.

EIGHTH CHILD.

[Boy bearing sheaf of wheat, and decorated with grasses.]

August comes with berries red,
Sheaves of wheat about his head.
God made grain to nourish us here,
And not to turn into filthy beer.

NINTH CHILD.

[Boy carrying school-books and lunch-box and wearing his hat.]

Next, September. Ho! for school.
Study now must be the rule.
Strong and clear my brain will be,
If from Tobacco and Drink I'm free.

TENTH CHILD.

[Girl decorated with autumn leaves and carrying basket of nuts.]

Dropping nuts, and shortening days,
October comes with woods ablaze.
Just the month for the cider-mill too,
I never drink that stuff. Do you?

ELEVENTH CHILD.

[Boy carrying pumpkin or turkey.]

What brings cold and bleak November?
Oh! Thanksgiving. I remember.
To the drunkard's children poor and sad,
I will carry something to make them glad.

TWELFTH CHILD.

[Girl decorated with evergreens and holly berries. She points to Christmas-tree. (It would be well if the tree could be hid behind curtain, not to be seen until the twelfth child draws aside the curtain).]

Last, and best of all, we see
December brings a Christmas-tree.
Peace and plenty, happiness and cheer,
Gifts and good-will crown the closing year.
No brandy fumes in my Christmas pie;
No wine-sauce in my pudding, say I.
Brothers and sisters, I stand with you,
The twelfth tectotaler, earnest and true.

IN CONCERT.

In every month of the passing year,
There is joy for the youthful heart;
There is something to learn and something to do,
If we only take our part.

[All sing heartily "Give us a Chance," found on page 10 of "Rallying Songs for Young Teetotalers," and march around and out during the last chorus.]

[OLD YEAR raises his head and looks around; rubs his eyes and acts like one aroused from sleep. Advances slowly to the front.]

[illegible]
The months of my past were with me once more.
They flitted before me with laughter and song,
For the semblance of childhood sweet, they wore.
The thoughts which they uttered were pure and wise,
And the impress bore of a purpose true;
It seemed like the gleam of a golden thread,
All woven a dark, old garment through.
Then, I felt that I had not lived in vain,
And the balm of peace on my sad soul fell.
(*Pauses*). But the hour draws near, and the summons comes;
I am weary and old. I go—farewell!

[The hours are slowly struck on a deep-toned gong or bell, and funeral music is played while the OLD YEAR moves away slowly, and disappears on the eleventh stroke. As the twelfth stroke sounds, the NEW YEAR enters, represented as a young girl clad in white, with a crown on her head and a sceptre in her hand. Music changes to joyful strains. The MONTHS enter, six on either side, and bow very low before her. She smiles and waves her sceptre.]

THE MONTHS (*in concert*).

The King is dead. Long live the Queen!

NEW YEAR.

Sent forth by the Great Father's will,
All sceptred and crowned at my birth,
A gladsome young Queen with a message of peace,
I come to the people of earth.

I spread out a new, spotless page,
For the record that must be made,
Of Humanity's deeds, both evil and good,
In letters that never can fade.

O, mortals, if every line
Could reveal in characters strong,
A war against Evil, a service for Truth,
A protest against cruel Wrong,—

Then, surely, the vision that came
To the dying Old Year's dim dreams,
Is the type of a coming reality,
Whose presence now far away seems,

Then, *everywhere* childhood shall be
So faithfully guided and warned,
That the Demon of Drink who seeks their young souls,
Shall flee away, baffled and scorned.

Remember this message, I pray,
I bring it to every heart here;
And those who are true to the dear children's cause,
Will indeed have a "*Happy New-Year!*"

[The MONTHS repeat with her the words "Happy New-Year!"]

SONG.

"A Happy New-Year." Solo and Chorus. (Page 36, "Rallying Songs for Young Teetotalers.")

THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE ALMANAC FREE.

To any person who will send us 40 cents before the fifteenth of January, we will send the Semi-Monthly YOUTH'S TEMPERANCE BANNER for one year, and a copy of "The National Temperance Almanac for 1890." It is a valuable little book, and every family should have a copy. This is a good opportunity to secure one free of cost. This, with the BANNER, which will be sent twice each month, will provide a good amount of reading matter for the entire year for a very small sum.

For The Banner.

WE TWO.

BY EDWARD CAMPBELL.

We are waiting for Papa,
Out here in the snow,
Till he comes in the train
From the city, you know.
We are hiding and watching,
So when he comes near,
We can both of us sing out,
"A Happy New-Year!"
See those poor little children,
So ragged and blue;
With no hats or stockings,
And hardly a shoe.
With that pail I'm afraid
They are going for beer,
So it's no use to wish them
"A Happy New-Year."

CONCERT TEMPERANCE EXERCISES

Is the title of a new book now on the press of the National Temperance Society, to be ready for sale early in January. It will be found a great helper in all children's entertainments, as it contains a varied collection of bright, novel exercises, in which a number of children can take part, suitable for any occasion. It also contains special exercises for Christmas, New-Year, Thanksgiving, and other holidays. Compiled and edited by Miss L. Penney. Price, 25 cents.

For The Banner.

SAVED BY A THISTLE.

"OH, I'm too young, I can't do any good," is the excuse often given by boys and girls when they are urged to enlist in any good work, and especially temperance work. But smaller, humbler instruments than you, God has made use of to do great works in the world.

Did you know that a thistle was the means of saving Scotland from being captured by the enemy? Even so. A great army many years ago invaded Scotland. They crept on steadily over the border, and prepared to make a night attack on the Scottish forces. There lay the camp, all silently sleeping in the starlight, never dreaming that danger was so near. The Danes, to make their advance more noiseless, came forward barefooted. But as they neared the sleeping Scots, one unlucky Dane brought his broad foot down squarely on a bristling thistle. A roar of pain came from him which rung like a trumpet blast through the sleeping camp. In a moment each soldier had grasped his weapon and the Danes were thoroughly routed. The thistle was from that time chosen as the national emblem of Scotland. Don't say that you are too small to do any good. God can make use of even the smallest instrument to do His will. We want every girl and boy enlisted in our great and growing Temperance Army.

For The Banner.

MR. ANONYMOUS.

THE boy of our house has taken a sudden fancy for reading poetry. One day last week he spent the entire morning in his room reading. When he came down-stairs, he said to his mother:

"That book of 'Poetry and Song' is a splendid book. So many different people wrote for it. I like the poems of Mr. Anonymous the best, though. He wrote ninety-two poems for that book, for I counted. I say, mother, who is Mr. Anonymous, anyway?"

His mother managed to keep a grave face as she replied:

"You will remember better, my son, if you find out for yourself. Look in the dictionary when you go up-stairs."

That he did so is evident from the funny look that comes to his face whenever he hears the word "anonymous."

Just now he is struggling over an essay he has to write. The subject of temperance was given by his teacher, and he has selected the scientific phase, and is hunting over various books to find out what the doctors say about alcohol and the harm it does to the human system. He does not require the thoughts of "Mr. Anonymous" this time. He won't do to quote from.

B. S. F.

GIRLS WANTED.

"WANTED, girls of mind and might;
Wanted, girls of truth and right;
Wanted, girls to help the rest;
Wanted, girls, the highest, best."

OUR GREETINGS.

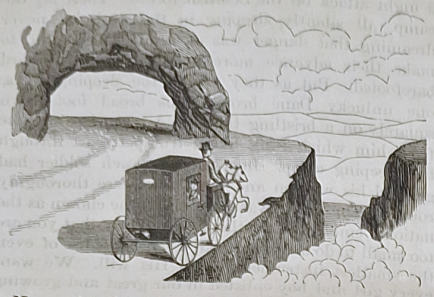
MANY friends will wish you "A Happy New-Year," but none can be more cordial and sincere than the good wishes we extend to you through the BANNER. It is twenty-five years this month since the BANNER first conveyed our New-Year greetings, and with this issue it enters on a new year of life. During all these years it has seen many changes. Temperance has become more popular, and the great cause it aims to promote is receiving attention the world over. But at no time has such a paper as the BANNER been more needed than at present. Though it has entered many thousands of homes during the past year, there are many thousands more where it has never found a welcome, where it is not known. It ought to go into every home, into every Sunday-school, and be read by every boy and girl. It will be the aim of the Editor to make such a paper the coming year, that shall carry to its readers only that which shall help them in a right, pure, unselfish life, its influence only and always for good. Its articles shall be bright and interesting, for the very best writers who know how to please the girls and boys will write for it. We ask our friends one and all to speak a good word for the BANNER to their friends who do not subscribe for it. We want to secure a larger subscription list than ever before, and depend on our friends for help. Will you aid us?

For The Banner.

BLACKBOARD TEMPERANCE LESSON.

BY MAUDE LORENE GREEN.

Boys and girls, how many of you have ever heard the story of the man who, being obliged to be driven over a dangerous mountain pass, tested the coachman in this way? He asked three drivers how near they could go to the edge of a certain precipice and not overturn the carriage. One said he could drive within so many inches; another, a few inches less; but a third said he should keep just as far away from the dangerous edge as he could get.



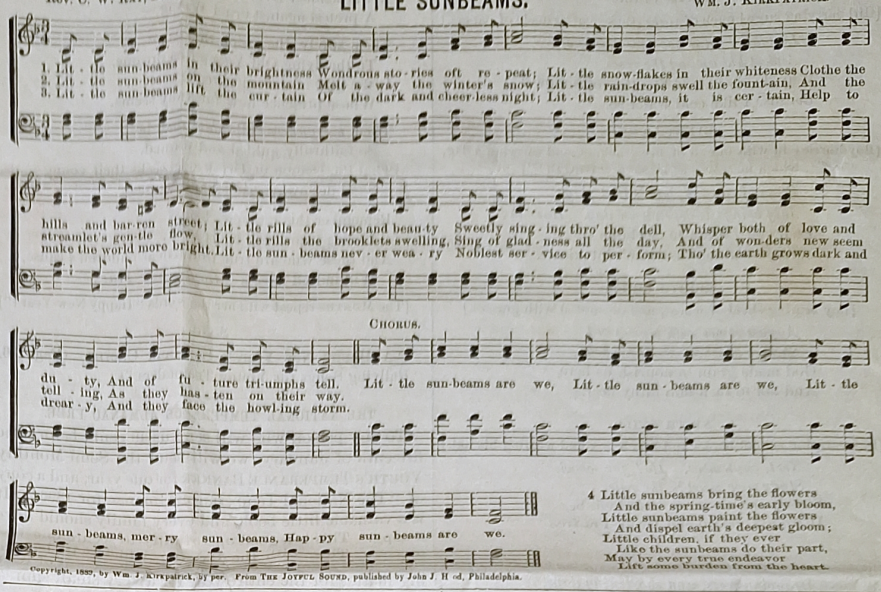
Now, what has that story to do with us? Let us see. We are all travellers. Every boy and girl in the world is taking a journey, and on the way there is a dangerous stretch of road where there is a frightful precipice; but there are two lines of carriages,—one travels upon a road that hugs the inland rock, the other takes the outer road on the very edge of the precipice. There are daily accidents upon this outer road, and still boys and girls, and grown-up people too, are continually trying to get a seat in this carriage. You never heard of such silly people? Aye, aye, don't be too hasty. Let us see if you have not. Tom or Joe may already be at the office with a bright, shining penny or nickel trying to get a ticket—for it does not cost much to *begin* this journey. You are sure Tom or Joe would not do such a thing. There they are now, and each has a ticket! See, it looks like this:

"Oh, that's nothing but a cigarette," did you say? That is just it, but it is the ticket that buys Tom or Joe a place to the first station on this edge road. What is the second ticket? Here it is:

"Only a barrel of sweet cider with two straws in it." Right again. Tom and Joe have grown very thirsty on this first stage of their journey. When they reach the third station, they buy another ticket, and that one looks like this:

Now they want the coachman to drive faster. They are anxious to reach the next station. Did you ever see boys so anxious to spend their money? I have.

Rev. C. W. RAY, D.D. **LITTLE SUNBEAMS.** WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Lit - tle sun-beams in their brightness Wondrous sto - ries oft re - peat; Lit - tle snow-flakes in their whiteness Clothe the
2. Lit - tle sun-beams on the mountain Melt a - way the winter's snow; Lit - tle rain-drops swell the fount-ain, And the
3. Lit - tle sun-beams lift the cur - tain Of the dark and cheer-less night; Lit - tle sun-beams, it is cer - tain, Help to
hills and bar-ren street; Lit - tle rills of hope and beau-ty Sweetly sing - ing thro' the dell, Whisper both of love and
streamlet's gen-tle flow, Lit - tle rills the brooklets swelling, Sing of glad - ness all the day, And of won-ders new seem
make the world more bright, Lit - tle sun - beams nev - er wea - ry Noblest ser - vice to per - form; Tho' the earth grows dark and
CHORUS.
du - ty, And of fu - ture tri-umphs tell. Lit - tle sun-beams are we, Lit - tle sun - beams are we, Lit - tle
tell - ing, As they has - ten on their way.
drear - y, And they face the howl-ing storm.
sun - beams, mer - ry sun - beams, Hap - py sun - beams are we.

4 Little sunbeams bring the flowers
And the spring-time's early bloom,
Little sunbeams paint the flowers
And dispel earth's deepest gloom;
Little children, if they ever
Like the sunbeams do their part,
May by every true endeavor
Lift some burden from the heart.

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At the next station they shout loudly for their ticket, and when they get it, it looks like this:

This stage in their journey brings them nearer to the dreadful precipice. All along the way friends have come to them begging them to leave this carriage and take the strong inland one, but they will not and are sure that they are in no danger; other people may have gone over the edge, but they are a little wiser. So they tumble into their carriage and are so blinded by the mist that hangs over the gulch that they do not see the wrecks below.

Now they near the last station and this ticket is given them and they take it:

Soon they are sleeping stupidly, while the carriage tips and rolls about as the maddened horses dash ahead. Suddenly a snake wriggles into the road, the horses plunge, shy, and the carriage-wheels go over the edge, and poor Tom and Joe are thrown violently down the embankment into the abyss below. Have you guessed the name of this road and the precipice? Yes, the road is "Saloon Highway," and our poor boys have been travelling upon it in the carriage of "High License," and have gone over the precipice of Intemperance into the gulch of Drunkenness and Ruin, while just in sight rolled the strong carriage of Total Abstinence with its merry load of boys and girls from Bands of Hope, Loyal Legions, Juvenile Temples, and Sunday-schools. They are on the safe road of Temperance and it leads straight through the arch of Prohibition. No danger there; and there was a place for Tom and Joe, but they would not take it.

Boys and girls, have you bought your first ticket yet on this road to Ruin? Tear it up! and take the safe way. Begin riding in the grand old carriage now; then, when you grow up, you will be ready to tell Uncle Sam there is no carriage like it, and if enough of you boys tell him this, he will allow no others used, no matter how much the drivers pay for running them. In other words, if you grow up hating tobacco and liquor, as you see how much harm they do, you will vote to have them done away with, and there will be no saloons and no places in which to ruin our bright, beautiful boys and girls.

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